I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our ſacred Nation, and he railes,
Even there vvhere Merchants moſt doe congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he cals Intereſt: Curſed be my Tribe
If I forgive him. *Baſſ. Shylocke*, doe you heare?
Shyl. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the neere gueſſe of my memorie,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſſe
Of full three thouſand Ducats: vvhat of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Doe you deſire? Reſt you faire good Signior,
Your worſhip vvas the laſt man in our mouthes.
Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of exceſſe,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a cuſtome: is he yet poſſeſt
How much ye would? *Shyl.* I, I, three thouſand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shyl. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your Bond: and let me ſee, but heare you,
Me thought you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon advantage. *Ant.* I doe never uſe it.
Shyl. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* vvas
(As his wiſe Mother vvrought in his behalfe)
The third Poſſeſſor; I, hee vvas the third.
Ant. And vvhat of him, did he take Intereſt?
Shyl. No, not take Intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly Intereſt; marke vvhat *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himſelfe vvas compremiz'd,
That all the Eanelings vvhich vvere ſtreak't and pied

Should

Should fall as *Iacobs* hire, t
In end of Autumne, turned
And vvhen the worke of ge
Betweene theſe woolly br
The skilfull Shepherd pyl'd
And in the doing of the dee
He ſtucke them up before th
Who then conceaving, did
Fall party-colour'd Lambs,
This was a way to thrive, a
And thrift is Bleſſing, if m
Ant. This vvas a ventu
A thing not in his power to
But ſwaid and faſhion'd by
Was this inſerted to make
Or is your gold and ſilver,
Shyl. I cannot tell, I ma
But note mee Signior.
Ant. Marke you this,
The Devill can cite Scriptu
An evill ſoule producing h
Is like a villaine with a ſmi
A goodly apple rotten at th
O what a goodly out-ſide
Shyl. Three thouſand Du
Three months from twelv
Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſha
Shyl. Signior *Anthonio*
In the Ryalto, you have
About my monies and my
Still have I borne it with a
(For ſuffrance is the badge
You call me miſ-beleever,
And ſpet upon my Jewiſh
And all for uſe of that vvh
Well then, it now appeare
Goe to then, you come to
Shylocke, we would have m

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